My Dearest Elizabeth:

The Gift of a Tear

"Jesus wept."
(John 11:35)

Enclosed is a gift of a tear,
a spark of my soul—
May it be for you
a little cargo ship
of prayer
Whose center
is the still point
of the One
who gives us Hope,
And whose cross
transports the soul
to the frontiers
of eternity.

In the tears of Christ
The eyes of the soul
See through the darkening shadows
The lucidity of an Eden sorrow.

Invitatory portals,
Light the soul's way
"Come, follow after me!"
Beyond the opacity of pain
To the horizon of truth
Hidden beneath
The anguish of
This world's screams.

An apocalypse
Of nativity joy
Floods
The manger of a soul:
Cradled
In His Peace.

Pushed
to the edge
of Nothingness,
(No more
the toys of toys
to which
we have clung)
A spark of the soul
appears:
A Tear
(touching the frontiers of Eternity)
And God is here
Is there
Is everywhere.

May your soul
Be now led
To the heart of prayer
In the
Cargo ship
Of a
Fragile tear.

When "absence" is more a "presence" and

in your soul
there is born
an eternity,
of grief,
let a tear
be for you
an apocalypse
of joy.

At the end of sorrow,
When there are no more tears left,
There are the tears of laughter
And the tears of love.
There are the tears
Of hope.

Sorrow
Forges a soul
To perfection
In a tear
Whose center
Is Hope.

In the Chapel of each tear
Christ abides
Arising
on the pinions of your soul
He nests with you
In the torment
And the unending cries.

There is a bottle up in heaven,
filling up with all your tears.
Drop by drop the Lord collects,
the full harvest of your fears.

There is not a tear that falls,
where He is not aware.
For He understands each drip,
and the cause of your despair.

When tears of unhappiness,
are followed up with grief.
He garners them in His vial,
and sends peace for your relief.

He knows the real reason,
as He gathers up your pain.
And all your hurtful tears,
to Him become like rain.

He reaps each tender trickle,
with His mercies from above.
Collects them in His bottle,
and caps them with His love.

In the tears of Christ, we are ONE-
One with the living and the dead
Because in Him
we live
and move
and have our being.

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My Dearest Elizabeth:

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My Dearest Elizabeth:

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11/23/15

My Dearest Harry:

The Gift of a Tear

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And God is here
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May your soul
Be now led
To the heart of prayer
In the
Cargo ship
Of a
Fragile tear.

Enclosed is a gift of a tear—a spark of my soul. May it be a presence when "absence" knocks on the door,

When
in my soul
there is born
an eternity,
an apocalypse of joy.

A little hippo jumped into the box, too. May he be a constant reminder that a God who created such a creature has a sense of humor.

At the end of sorrow,
When there are no more tears left,
There are the tears of laughter
And the tears of love.
There are the tears
Of hope.

Sorrow
Forges a soul
To perfection
In a tear
Whose center
Is Hope.

Thank you for being the faithful knight of my tears.

Joyce

The Gift of a Tear

"Jesus wept."
(John 11:35)

Enclosed is a gift of a tear, a spark of my soul—
May it be for you a little cargo ship of prayer
Whose center is the still point of the One who gives us Hope,
And whose cross transports the soul to the frontiers of eternity.

It is a tear offered in thanksgiving, in joy and in gratitude for the abundant graces of your selfless gifts of presence.

In the tears of Christ
The eyes of the soul
See through the darkening shadows
The lucidity of an Eden sorrow.

Invitatory portals,
Light the soul's way
"Come, follow after me!"
Beyond the opacity of pain
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Hidden beneath
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This world's screams.

An apocalypse
Of nativity joy
Floods
The manger of a soul:
Cradled
In His Peace.

Christmas blessings! Jayne +

In the husk
of a tear
The mind is
Suspended in God
Tasting the Joys
of Eternal sweetness.

November 18, 2015

DRAFT

Joyce Surman
25 Winthrop Drive
Manalapan, NJ 07726
jasurman@optonline.net

To Father John Paul,

A Tabernacle of Tears:
Sparks of a Soul

"Jesus Wept."
(John 11:35)

I am a seventy-one year old lady, home bound, living alone with the Alone, who has been blessed with Parkinson's disease. In the terrible terror of the months following diagnosis, I lived in benumbed incredulity. The disparity between what I was and the predictive inevitability of what I was becoming, shrouded every moment of prayer.

My soul was crushed in a universe of interrogatives: Why? Why this particular cross? Anything but this one! Why even continue to live? I felt myself being pushed to the precipice of nothingness. I fell into a holocaust of fear. All that defined me was mercilessly being transformed into a pyre of dry twigs to which a hand unbeknownst to me was striking a match, setting all aflame.

My soul was scorched. "Corpses" lay all around me: "Corpses" of hopes. "Corpses" of dreams. "Corpses" of all that was to be.
My soul was stripped to a nakedness clothed in the scarlet robes of terror.

I could surrender and be consumed or rise from the ashes like a Pelican or soar on eagle's wings aloft beyond the skies of my pain.

Perhaps my soul was being invited to both a surrendering and a consummation. Each tear then became an icon of the crucifixion: surrender to the Father's will and a "consummatum est" of the final benediction.

The EWTN Mass became the pivot of each day, along with the Divine Office and rosary. When my body seemed too frail or frightened to gasp for one more breath, I began to "breathe" prayer. It was a "gasping" chant.

As tears so frequently overflowed my eyes, "becoming my bread by day and night" (Ps 42), I was drawn repeatedly to the shortest verse in scripture: "Jesus wept!" (John 11:35)

I began to see that the tears of Christ stretch into the infinite caverns of our souls. They are sparks of pure divine light. I saw in the chapel of my soul a brilliant tabernacle of crystal tears like tiny consecrated Eucharists falling from His eyes.

Each tear then became for me a prayer. I had been shown a way to pray without ceasing. In the past my soul had queried the meaning of unceasing prayer and a method of implementation.

The tears of Christ became for me a transcendent mystery, a say of prayer. In my loneliness and terror, I found Christ in a tear.

Tears are sparks of a soul that longs for the infinite. Each tear became for my troubled soul a shadow of eternity. In other moments, my tears seemed to become living icons of the heart of Christ.

In the tossings of the night, my tears became the emanation of His divine splendor.
After a period of several months, I started to have "new eyes" to see my afflictions as gifts of His mercy and love. After months of "blindness", He gave me "to see"!

I began to see the entire universe through the tears of Christ. Everywhere I looked all became transfigured through the lens of His tears. Rather than images being distorted, all was bathed in a crystal clarity. I saw the lucidity of sorrow. I saw through the opacity of pain. My eyes beheld the horizon of truth hidden beneath the anguish of screams.

I listened to tears falling all around.I heard His voice in every tear: here, there and everywhere.. He whispers everywhere where there is fear. In every tear there is a "Follow me!" God is everywhere in a tear. That is the radiance of His garment. Touch a tear and one touches His hem. ..and power of faith pours forth and strengthens the soul.

In my soul there was an apocalypse of joy. Tears are sacred. Tears are sparks of a soul. Each one a tiny chapel in which He weeps. In the eternal silence of a tear, He is present.

In each tear a soul sings a melody of His presence.

I now knew that my days of prayer would be spent collecting in the chalice of my soul all the world's tears and making of them sacrificial Offerings to my God.

Your homilies and devout reverential celebration of Mass and thoughtful homilies has been blessings on my journey to finding peace in God's will.

Enclosed is a spark of my soul—a tear of thanksgiving, of joy and gratitude for the graces of your priesthood.

Tears became my prayers—a way of praying ceaselessly.
--like incense rising to the throne of God.

We are surrounded by a symphony of tears. A sermon in a tear. Tears of living flames of His love. Tears stained scarlet with His drops of blood. Fiat tears: "Thy will be done!"
Each tear echoes "I thirst!"

To see the world through His tears

I discovered in the "weeping Christ" the entire Gospel of faith, hope, and love. The tears of Christ are my tears. The tears of Christ are your tears. The tears of Christ are the world's tears. Christ weeps in us, with us, and for us. We never weep alone. For in the weeping Christ we live and move and have our being.

All tears flow into the ocean of His mercy.

To see the world through the tears of Christ is to hear a requiem sung by sorrow. A soul is made perfect in a tear whose center is Hope.

My soul sings a song of thanksgiving for the sacramental graces that flow from the Masses at which you celebrate and the sweet consolations of your thoughtful homiletic reflections.

I have enclosed a "spark" of my soul, a tear,in a little bottle, as a thank you.